

The Journal and Courier

NEW HAVEN, CONN.
THE OLDEST DAILY PAPER PUBLISHED IN CONNECTICUT.
DELIVERED BY CARRIERS IN THE CITY, 10 CENTS A WEEK, 50 CENTS A MONTH, \$3 FOR SIX MONTHS, \$24 A YEAR. THE SAME TERMS BY MAIL.
THE WEEKLY JOURNAL, Issued Thursdays, One Dollar a Year.
THE CARRINGTON PUBLISHING CO. OFFICE 400 STATE STREET.

Advertising Rates.
Situations, Wants, Rents and other small advertisements, One Cent a Word each insertion. Five cents a word for a full week (seven insertions).
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Discounts—On 10 lines or more, one month and over, 10 per cent; on four lines or more, one month and over, 15 per cent.
Notice.
We cannot accept anonymous or return rejected communications. In all cases the name of the writer will be required, not for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

King Humbert is a vegetarian, and seldom eats anything except bread, potatoes and fruit.

A New York magistrate says that the repair of a punctured bicycle on Sunday is a work of necessity. Many Sunday riders have found that out to their cost.

Out of an annual fire loss of \$150,000,000 which falls on the insurance companies, it is estimated that \$30,000,000 is due to incendiaryism. Critics of insurance methods assert that the companies might largely diminish these losses if they prosecuted incendiaries with greater vigor.

One of the few cities in the United States which employ a special instructor in geography in the public schools is San Francisco. The instructor, who has had great success, is Miss Hattie B. Steele. She has a collection of more than 3,000 stereopticon slides, which she uses in her lectures.

M. Zuretti, a popular French writer, has astounded the Parisians by declaring that soup is responsible for nearly all the dyspepsia that exists. He asserts that soup at the beginning of a dinner distends the stomach and prevents the digestion of the solids that follow. Furthermore he claims that there is no nourishment in soup and that it injures the teeth.

It is expected that the Paris observatory will soon issue a catalogue of all the known heavenly bodies, whether planet, satellite or star of the smallest magnitude. The idea was formed at the astronomical congress of 1887, and already 180 photographs have been taken. Some contain only a dozen stars, while others are crowded with them, even to the number of 1,500. The average number, however, is 335 stars per photograph. Such a catalogue would be of great value to all students of astronomy.

The Philadelphia Press has a good word to say of the road law made by the last legislature in Connecticut, especially on the ground that it differs from many others in levying no special assessment on abutting property-holders. It points out that the effect of this will be to prevent the benefit of this act being monopolized by well-to-do neighborhoods, since the poorer localities are given an equal opportunity, and have, in fact, more to gain by the substantial contributions from the state and county than those which have money to spare for such investment.

Philadelphia women are getting ahead of the conservative reputation of their city. It has been observed there this summer that they rode on the cars that were especially set apart for smokers on the trolley lines. On those cars that were only partly reserved for the smokers, they further manifested their extreme distaste for smoking by occupying the smokers' seats as freely as they did any others in the car, and they did this when it would have been just as easy to have taken forward seats, where there could have been no contact with the smoker or the smoke.

A correspondent of the London Times makes an interesting attempt to show what the recent trade-union congress in England really represented. He shows that according to the latest census returns, out of a total population of 37,732,922, the "industrial class" of the United Kingdom numbers 9,925,992. Add to these, from the "commercial class," 1,171,990 persons engaged in the "conveyance of men, goods, and messages" by land and water, and, from the "agricultural and fishing class," 1,140,143 agricultural laborers, farm servants, etc., and there is a grand total of 11,338,035 persons who, approximately, may be regarded as belonging to the branches of labor from which trade-unionism seeks its recruits. But the total membership for the 677 unions at the end of 1893 was only 1,270,789. In other words, out of eleven million industrial workers in the United Kingdom, there are, roughly speaking, one million unionists and ten million non-unionists.

Hence the trade-unions, though they may claim to represent the elite of the artisans, cannot in any way claim to speak for labor as a whole, or even for the majority of men who work with their hands. It is noteworthy, too, that the trade-unions are decreasing rather than increasing in numbers. The congress of 1890 represented a larger number of workmen than that of this year.

A GREAT BLESSING.
Comptroller Bowler is among the "great blessings to the country" which the Louisville Courier-Journal thankfully notices have followed the enactment of the Wilson-Gorman law. Mr. Bowler has construed a part of that law to suit himself. A New Orleans bank president declares that within two months he has seen six hundred fine sugar properties sold for one-quarter of their value a year ago, entirely by reason of Mr. Bowler's refusal to pay the sugar bounty. He says that in expectation of the bounty costly machinery was ordered that planters now find themselves unable to pay for, and that as matters stand they cannot ride over the difficulty and have to sell for what they can get, practically going into insolvency because Mr. Bowler's notions require it.

Mr. Bowler is indeed a great blessing to the country. And like some other great blessings to the country which have so comforted the Courier-Journal he will look the brightest when he takes his flight.

A NOTABLE REBUKE.
Discipline in the German army is always severe and sometimes queer. A private lost his dear captain by death the other day and he was so excessive in lauding the virtues of the dead man in a poem published in the local paper that he was called to account for the implied disrespect to the superior officers who outranked the captain, and sent to the guard house. Not only this, but all copies of the paper purchased by members of the battalion were seized and destroyed.

This performance looks very ridiculous at first sight, but a certain kind of reasonableness can be seen in it if it is looked at carefully. The obituary-writing soldier was like the majority of obituary writers. He laid it on too thick. He made out that his dear departed captain was the top-notch of the German army and that it was not likely that any soldier ever had excelled him in merit or ever would excel him. He did not, of course, mean any disrespect to the other great soldiers of the German army who were his captain's superiors in rank, and presumably, therefore, in merit. He was simply exercising the usual license of obituary writers, and speaking nothing but the best of the dead. But he has been forcibly and unpleasantly reminded that he has overdone it, and that there is such a thing as making obituaries too flattering to the dead and too pleasant to their surviving relatives. And he has also been reminded that strict justice and the rights of others demand that obituaries shouldn't entirely ignore the worth of the living. He has been taught a useful lesson, and though the action of those who taught it to him may seem rather mean it may also seem just. They did not begrudge the dead man his proper and merited praise, but they didn't intend to have all distinctions obliterated and their own merits ignored by the obituary writer. So, in the name of military discipline, they reminded the obituary writer that he wasn't discriminating. Many professional obituary writers who are not in the German or any other army need a similar reminder.

AN AUSTRIAN BILL.
The Austrian government seems to look upon habitual drunkards in a very modern way. It has prepared a bill for their treatment which empowers the authorities to open retreats for inebriates, and distinguishes between the voluntary and the compulsory detention of drunkards in those establishments. Those who enter voluntarily will not be able to leave at will, but are to be treated exactly like the compulsory inmates. The latter class may be sent to the retreat of the respective district, either by the order of a magistrate, or on the petition of the parents or children, or of the husband or wife or trustee, or of the chief of a lunatic asylum in which the drunkard may be detained. Inebriates may further be assigned to retreats by the action of the public prosecutor, or by the mayor or burgomaster of the town or village in which the habitual drunkard resides, whether he belongs to that place, district, town, or province, or not. In all four classes of cases the detention of the inebriate must be preceded by an ordinary judicial action before a court of first instance, which is bound to hear witnesses, including the drunkard himself, as well as the doctors, more especially experts on mental diseases. The term of detention will be generally for two years, but the "patient," as the inebriate is constantly called in the bill, may be released on leave after one year, but will be confined again in case the trust reposed in him should prove to have been ill placed. After the two years' term he must be released, but if he should afterwards come under the provisions of the measure he may be sentenced again for fresh terms of two years, and eventually given over to a

lunatic asylum or to a hospital, as the case may require.

FASHION NOTES.
For Wear Without Overwrap.
Redingote costumes will be a feature of the fall and winter fashions and the most popular model will be that of a costume to be worn without an overwrap. It is made of velvet or vel-



veteen, with rich red, deep green and black as the choice of colors. The gown is princess back and sides, and so much is of the velvet. The skirt lengths drag slightly and there is a graceful fullness, but a total absence of flare, which makes the gown a relief from the aggressive billows of recent skirts. In front the garment opens from throat to hem over a long panel of white cloth heavily braided with cashmere colors. The waist line is marked by a little folded sash of satin that connects the edges of the velvet across the panel front. The velvet turns back on the bust in two wide pointed revers that are faced part way with the bust. The rest of the facing is satin to match the sash piece. A folded collar of satin and turned-back, smooth cuffs of satin finish the garment.

For wear with it comes a satin lined velvet cape that fits smoothly over the shoulders, curving gracefully from the top of the high collar. The latter is lined with fur and stands high at the nape of the neck, the folded collar of satin showing in front. Although the cape is so made that it can be worn short, it is planned to be worn with the fronts slipped under the revers, so that it becomes apparently a part of the entire garment.
Wee capes that are not altogether unlike those of last season are to be stylishly worn in the theater and concert room, and it is a dainty example of this sort of garment that is presented here. Of white grosgrain, it is composed of a series of panels cut into points at the lower ends and embroidered with tiny spangle in diagonal lines. The lower edge is finished with an accordion pleated black mousseline de soie trim and a very delicate pale blue silk lines the whole. Around the neck comes a full ruche of black chiffon with long black satin ribbon ends. The accompanying hat is of fancy jet with coronet crown, is trimmed with black agrettes and black plumes, and is lined with the pale blue silk.

SMOKE.
She (dreamily)—Only fancy—a month from to-day we shall be married. He (absently)—Well, let's be happy while we can.—Illustrated Bits.
He (smoking)—And what is your opinion of the "deadly cigarette." She (looking him over)—They are not half as deadly as they ought to be.—Detroit Free Press.
Boy (to placator, who has been whipping the street all day without any look)—"You'll be getting a fish caught on one of them little 'looks' if yer ain't careful."—Judy.
Delays are Dangerous.—"Don't you think you would better make him wait a year?" "I fear me, no! Why, at the end of the year I might not want to marry him."—Life.
"Why is there a picture of the trolley car on the boxes of these new cigarettes?" "Merely an association of ideas." "How so?" "They're warranted to kill."—Scranton Times.
Tommy says his mother makes an awful fuss when his sister Lucy goes out without her shade hat, but she doesn't seem to care how much his father fusts him.—Boston Transcript.
Unlucky Speeches.—"Wouldn't you like some music, professor?" "No, thanks. I'm quite happy as I am. To tell you the truth, I prefer the worst possible conversation to the best music there is."—Punch.
Naive.—Young Woodman (to his fiancée during a walk)—"You know one reckons the age of trees by their rings—this one has four." "How old were you when you think I was?" "I have no ring."—Reise Blatter.
Altered and Improved.—Picture Dealer—There! I think I've made a good job of that old painting. It will sell for a good stiff price now. Assistant—What have you done to it? Picture Dealer—Changed the name of the artist.—Puck.
Mrs. Younghusband—I would like a half dozen new laid eggs, Mr. Sorely, if you please. The last ones were very fresh. The Wicked Shopkeeper—The fact is, madam, that at this time of the year, the hens are not laying any new laid eggs.—Texas Siftings.
"How will you have your eggs cooked?" asked the waiter. "Make any difference in the cost of 'em?" Inquired the customer with the brimless hat and faded beard. "No." "Then cook them on the top of a slice of ham," said the customer, greatly relieved.—Spare Moments.

Not a Political Economist.—"I don't think Senator Sorghum is very much of a political economist," remarked the everyday citizen. "Economist!" echoed the inside worker. "I should say not. When he gets after a convention he's liberal to the point of extravagance!"—Washington Star.
Dashaway—I saved a girl's life this morning. Cleverton—Why? how was that? Dashaway—Well, I was smoking in the porch of the hotel that cigar you

gave me, and she said: "Pardon me, sir, but that cigar is killing me." So I threw it away and smoked one of my own.—Answers.
Mrs. Watts—The doctor sent in his bill to-day for attendance on Willie. Mr. Watts—So? By the way, I wonder how much property he has? Mrs. Watts—What on earth has that to do with his bill? Mr. Watts—Everything. If he isn't rich I can make him knock off half of it.—Indianapolis Journal.

ELWOOD AND THE APACHES.

A Circumstance That Aided Him in Getting Knowledge of Their Ways.
[From the Chicago Daily Inter-Ocean.]
"Superstition forms the greater part of the Indian's character," said John Elwood yesterday. There are few people that are in closer touch with the Indians, and especially the Apaches, than Jack Elwood, as he is familiarly known through the Rockies. Jack is a character. Early in the sixties Jack went to California. His fortune did not come at once, and finally Jack drifted back toward the land of the rising sun. He landed in Arizona, and for years has been one of the best known prospectors in that territory. He lives at Phoenix, and is getting almost too old, one would think, to keep up his efforts to uncover a fortune, but it would not be safe to tell Jack Elwood that. In the latter part of the eighties Jack had an experience while crossing the plains that led to his close relations with the Apaches, and since then he has been one of the few who have the confidence of this band of warriors.
"How did I get my great stand-in with the Apaches?" Well, I'll tell you, I hardly know," continued Elwood. "I sort of grew into their confidence, and have shared it more or less since about 1888. Long in January of that year I had an occasion to get pretty intimately acquainted with the Apaches.
"In Phoenix in a back street stands a little adobe house. It is off by itself, and its occupants have no communion with any of their neighbors. It is the home of an Indian by the name of Melo, who, with his wife and two children, lives a quiet and solitary life. They, like all Indians, are clannish. They do not want to associate with the outside world, and have little or nothing to do with their own people. I am about the only one who ever gets inside the threshold of that little adobe cottage. From its doorway, to the east on the bank of the river, to the 'Four Peaks,' with their summits covered with snow. Between Phoenix and these mountains is a broad desert.
"Early in January, 1888, I was crossing that desert with a team. It is quite a trip, and the valley is quite warm even in January. It is necessary to carry water across this plain, and I had a goodly supply in a barrel on the wagon. Everything was going along in good shape until nearly noon, when an accident resulted in the loss of every drop of water we had. It was impossible to proceed far without water, and yet to remain there would be equally as serious. We did our best. Long in the evening I was picked up by a band of Apaches in an almost exhausted condition. They gave me water, and one young couple who seemed to be superior in intelligence fed me. I, however, did not have my full senses. The terrible strain on a dry alkali plain without water and in a burning sun was enough to turn any one's brain, I tell you.
"Indians are superstitious, illogical and childish to a degree of which no civilized man has any conception. This was to my advantage. They thought me insane, and as they regard one out of his natural mind as something supernatural and to be revered, they treated me with the greatest kindness. I did not trust the Indians, and hence when I began to recover my mental balance I tried to give no outward evidence of this fact, and wandered among them in a solitary and speechless manner. I was shamming to get away all the time.
"A few days after my arrival at camp two boys were born to the young wife of the Indian who had fed me and cared for me. This is not any more uncommon among the Indians than elsewhere, and although the red man is passionately fond of children, yet the appearance of twins and a crazy man (as they thought me) forbade them evil, and the medicine man said that Mrs. Melo was a witch, and that she and her infants must be sacrificed. Melo pleaded for his wife, without avail. She did not attempt to escape. I was not yet able to understand the Indian language, and it was some time before I was aware of what troubled my young friends. Already the dance had commenced, and only a few hours remained before the mother and her children would be burned. I made my escape and succeeded in reaching the agency. Here, with much trouble, I secured a detachment of cavalry and led them back to the Indian camp.
"I had no hope of being in time; but, fortunately, the chief had eaten something that did not agree with him, and the sacrifice was postponed a few hours. When we rode up the noise of the beating of tom-toms and the singing of dancers drowned out the sound of

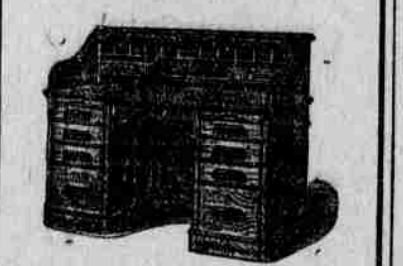
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MAIL POUCH TOBACCO
No Chemicals
PUREST and BEST
No Nerves Quaking
No Heart Palpitating
No Dyspeptic Aching
ANTI-NEUROUS DYSPEPTIC

our approach. In the distance we could see the young wife and her two children being driven into her shack, and the warriors, with burning firebrands, gradually closing in to ignite the funeral pile. At this moment we were discovered, and the dance was brought to a standstill. The presence of the troops was sufficient. I persuaded Melo and his wife to return to Phoenix with me. They have lived there since, and aided me in gaining knowledge of the Apaches."

Yale Men, BUY OF US.



Liberal Discount to YALE MEN.
THE BOWDITCH FURNITURE CO.,
100 to 106 Orange Street.
Open Monday and Saturday evenings.

For the Katch-up and Pickling Season.

FRESH SUPPLY
Strictly Pure Spices.
Ground expressly for our trade.
WHOLE SPICES,
Sixteen different kinds, mixed especially for PICKLES.
Goodwin's Tea and Coffee Store,
344 State Street,
Yale National Bank Building.

A COLD DAY

Is coming when it will be so cold that our
\$3 PARLOR COAL SAVING AND HEAT DISTRIBUTOR

Will be as welcome as a loving bridegroom!
Of course we have others, and we have miles of lovely Carpets and houses full of Furniture.
Cash or on Easy Payments
At Rock Bottom Prices.

May we show the goods to you?
P. J. KELLY & CO.,
Grand Ave., Church street.

E. R. JEFFCOTT
ANNOUNCES to the public that all of his Painting and Decorating business will be carried on hereafter at and from No. 139 Church street, where he will be pleased (with his decorative salesman) to show the finest Decorations and Wall Papers as yet shown in the public, also new designs and effects in cheapest Wall Papers.
Between Chapel street and Public Library. Telephone 124-d. July 1st
L. W. ROBINSON,
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Removed to
No. 760 CHAPEL STREET.

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GRAND CENTRAL SHOPPING EMPORIUM.
F. M. BROWN. D. S. GAMBLE.

F. M. BROWN & CO.

Yesterday
We were heavy purchasers at the great peremptory Trade Sale of

5500 pieces SILKS, Black, Colored and Fancy.

Sold by order of the manufacturers, Pelgram & Meyers.

We will announce later when these beautiful fabrics will be offered for sale.

Yale Linen



wants are about the same as other nice people's. Table Linen, Towels, etc., but what we are supplying most of in this part of the store, are
Sheets and Pillow Cases,
all ready made to put on the bed.

The very best of cotton, all sizes, at prices that need no questioning as to their being best.
West Store, Main Floor

We have
No Pictures
that will show the beauty, strength, size, ease or comfort of our \$25

Couches

for \$13.95



For the Fall

The Shoe question presents the one live issue. It's impossible to walk away from it.

The question must be met, and we expect to carry the city and country by a handsome majority with our stock. All sales can find comfort in our Shoes, because they're a luxury in leather. A good Shoe shapes itself to the foot and does not make the foot shape itself to the shoe. That's our Shoe Idea exactly, and we can give you something that'll belong to your foot as well as be just what's wanted for rainy weather; and at such low prices as

\$2.50 for a fine Bt. Dong. Button,
That has the style of a Four Dollar Shoe.

A. B. GREENWOOD,
773 CHAPEL STREET.
Closed Evenings except Monday and Saturday.

F. M. BROWN & CO.

Rich Rugs and Exquisite Curtains!
We haven't any cheap things, but our prices are lowest for the quality you will like best.
West Store, Second



Here is a handy housekeeper to have—a Chafing Dish! Besides, we are furnishing rooms with Toilet Sets, Lamps, Glass Outfits, Jardinieres and some choice items in Bric-a-Brac.

Yale men and their visitors are invited to the room Beautiful, East Store, Main—rear.

Boy's School Suit

double seat and double knee—if it rips or fades bring it back and get another or the money—
A \$5 suit. \$3.98
A wide choice of Clothing for Boys from 3 years to 15.
West Store, Second Floor

Curtain Stretchers

that do perfect work—suppose you see this one.
They suit most anybody who needs a stretcher.
West Store, Basement

F. M. Brown & Co.

OUR KEYS TO YOUR POCKETBOOK ARE OUR

Boys' Canvas Bals for 69c,
" Cf Button, odd sizes, "
Men's Tan Bals for \$1.87,
Ladies' Button Bals, \$1.37.

VALUES LIKE THESE OUGHT TO OPEN ANY PURSE.

M. Bristol & Sons,

854 Chapel Street.

District of New Haven, ss. Probate Court, September 20th, 1895.
Estate of EMMONS SCRANTON, late of Woodbridge, in said district deceased.
Pursuant to an order from the Court of Probate for said district, will be sold at public auction to the highest bidder, on the 9th day of October, A. D. 1895, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon (unless previously disposed of as private sale), the following real estate of said deceased, situated in the town of Woodbridge, viz:

A certain tract of land containing ten acres, more or less, situated in said Woodbridge and bounded north, east and south by land formerly of Treat Clark, and west by land formerly of Treat Clark, and by highway, with the building thereon.
Sale to take place on the premises in said Woodbridge. Terms made known at time of sale.
VIRGIL P. SPERRY, Administrator.

District of New Haven, ss. Probate Court, September 20th, 1895.
Estate of EMMONS SCRANTON, late of Woodbridge, in said district deceased.
The Court of Probate for the District of New Haven, said estate having been represented by a duly appointed MAILED, WALKER, commissioners to receive and decide upon the claims heretofore presented against said estate and the administrator.
Certified by
JOHN CURRIER GALLAGHER, Clerk.

The subscribers give notice that they shall meet at the residence of Marcus E. Baldwin, in said Woodbridge, on the 30th day of September, and the 10th day of October, 1895, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, on each of said days, for the purpose of attending on the business of said estate.
All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to
VIRGIL P. SPERRY, Administrator.